

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Six In One.

By H. LOUIS FAYBOLD.

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"How the deuce am I going to choose!" grumbled Sam more, laying down his old briar pipe on the broad arm of his chair and bending forward to scrutinize more clearly the six faces which gazed back at him from six photographs propped against books on his reading table.

"You're the best looking, Sally," he commented aloud, "and you, Helen, have got the brains, and you're the best all-around good sport, Jean. Peggy, you've got a sense of humor, and you, Nell, know how to dress. As for you, Beth, well, the man who gets you gets one crackerjack cook!"

Getting on toward thirty-five, Sam Gaylor was well aware of his duty to the state, to his family, of which he was the last of the line, and to himself. He ought to get married, and he certainly had a wide feminine acquaintance from which to select a wife.

He had decided that as long as his heart would not assist him to decision he must call upon his brain. That was certainly a sensible idea, considering that his brains had made him what he was, a very able and successful lawyer.

Which characteristic would be the most valuable to him in his career and most agreeable to come home to after a hard day's work in court—beauty, intellect, comradeship, sense of humor, style, domesticity? It was a hard problem, thought Sam, and no reference to Vol. 37, case So and So versus So and So, would help him out.

The next day's routine promised no excitement. It would be mostly occupied with examining witnesses of an automobile accident in which a seven-passenger touring car side-swiped and caused to turn turtle a four-passenger roadster, the chauffeur of the former claiming that a woman, darting suddenly into the road after a child, made the accident unavoidable. Miraculously, no one was seriously injured, but the damage to both cars was considerable, and there was much detail to be gone through regarding the relative positions of the cars, the respective speeds at which they were traveling, the possible deductions from the tire marks on the road.

The first glimmer of interest for Sam came when a Miss Bedford, an occupant of the roadster, took the stand, heavily veiled. Her cool, clear responses to his questions, her clever yet seemingly casual refusal to be caught in a compromising answer, one brief, caustic comment which brought a smile even to the face of the judge, greatly intrigued Sam, who was accustomed to nervous hesitation on the part of feminine witnesses and a tendency to contradict themselves and to be easily rattled. But it was quite otherwise with Miss Bedford, and as she stepped down from the stand, Sam found himself wishing he could catch a glimpse of the face behind the veil.

"Still, I'm probably spared a disappointment," he mused philosophically. "I would have to discover that she had a poor complexion and a large mouth, or that her nose was all wrong."

On the day that the decision was rendered Sam discovered that his fears were unfounded. In the excitement of the moment the girl threw back her veil, and in watching the play of expression across her beautiful features Sam almost forgot his chagrin that the case was one of the very few he had ever lost. And likewise he forgot that he had ever thought Sally pretty.

With characteristic energy he put into motion the forces which would effect for him an introduction beyond the formal one of the court room, and eventually, by digging up mutual acquaintances, he obtained his wish.

"I didn't enjoy quizzing you worth a cent," was his second remark to her as they stood together for a moment at the foot of the reception.

"You were very considerate," she comforted him, and Sam thrilled inwardly at the words. A moment later and she was swaying in his arms to the seductive strains of the palm-embroidered orchestra. How the girl could dance! He was rapidly forgetting Sally and Peggy and Helen and Jean.

"May I call," he asked eagerly just before he turned her over to her escort at the end of the wonderful dance. And her brief little nod and smile dismissed him happy.

The rest was easy sailing. For in matters of love and heart is apt to prove a more alluring guide than mere intellect. Sam's heart was leading him along enchanting ways. Often he visualized the time when he would ask the vital question. It should be outdoors in the late afternoon or early evening, by some rippling stream or on a green-clad hill.

Yet, as a matter of fact, the happy moment arrived far otherwise—high noon, indoors, beside the kitchen stove. Sam, calling for Marian unexpectedly early, for a promised ride to the Country club to witness the annual tennis finals, found her making frosting for a cake which towered in all its three-story glory on the table.

Companionably, she invited him out to the kitchen while she "finished the job," and the very first whiff of chocolate fragrance arising from the little saucepan on the polished surface of the stove, must have driven from Sam's mind forever all memory of Beth, the crackerjack cook.

For Sam, gazing hungrily at Marian, slim and tall in her enveloping apron of cool, lavender checked gingham, her cheeks delicately flushed, decided not to wait for the nice conjunction of time and place.

"Marian," he cried, "I love you, darling. Will you marry me?" It was at the very least, five minutes later when Sam looked into her velvet eyes and said gravely: "What did I ever do to deserve winning the most beautiful, wittiest, brightest girl in the world, and the most stylish and the best comrade and the most domestic?"

Marian smiled at him deprecatingly. "I'm not all those things," she protested. "That would be six girls rolled into one!"

"Why—why—that's exactly what you are!" cried Sam in surprise, and suddenly to his inner eye flashed a vision of six photographs in a row. "I tell you, it pays to wait until you find a girl who is everything you desire!" he declared, emphatically.

"Perhaps, if you really love her, you think she is that, anyway," said Marian regally. Then, with a little sign of happy satisfaction, she let herself be drawn into his embracing arms.

YOUTHFUL IDEALISM.

Mother—"Now, little come along and make yourself useful."
"You're always tellin' me to make myself useful, mother. I wish I could be a mother."

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

(By Olive Roberts Barton)

Scramble Hears a Noise.

Nancy and Nick stayed in the woo dpecker's hole in the old maple. Their Green Shoes had made them very tiny so they were quite comfortable. Besides, they'd promised Rubadub, the fairyman, to find out if Scramble Squirrel was happy after he had exchanged his tail for Ben Bunny's long ears.

Scramble wasn't saying whether he was happy or not, but his wife made a dreadful fuss. "I get a headache every time I look at you," she complained. "Whenever you come home with the marketing, I think you're a rabbit climbing the tree, and all the birds think so, too. They chatter all day about it."

Mr. Squirrel smiled a wise smile. "Never mind," he nodded slowly. "It will come out all right. I'm learning to climb nicely without my tail being sides, when I wish to hide anywhere I don't have to be forever wondering



Nancy and Nick noticed something, and wanted dreadfully to tell him.

if part of my bushy tail is sticking out somewhere to give me away. Also, these ears are great for hearing with! I can hear Snoopy Skunk a mile away."

Just after that Scramble went off for some cress for Mrs. Squirrel to put into the soup. Nick and Nancy followed for they wished to find out all they could to tell Rubadub when they returned to Scrub-Up-Land.

Suddenly, up went Scramble's ears! (Bunny's ears really!) A faint rustling had come from behind the thorny bush near him. Ah! An enemy, discovered just in time—So Scramble squeezed hurriedly into a hole in an old stump.

"Am I all in," he wondered, "so I can't be seen? My, what a good thing I haven't a tail any more!" And he tucked in every stray hair and lay still as a mouse.

Nancy and Nick noticed something, however, and they wanted dreadfully to tell him. I'll tell you tomorrow what it was.

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Flowered Silk
Combines Rose
And Orient Blue

Bonnie Campbell

BY CORA MOORE,
New York's fashion Authority.

NEW YORK, June 5.—In georgette or chiffon over silk foundations, or in any of the pretty printed silks, flowered frocks are a sheer delight.

This morsel of rose-sprigged pussy willow was designed and made for Grace Hallam, first bridesmaid in "Betty, Be Good," at the Casino. It is a wonderful Orient blue, with roses and foliage in near-natural colors. The little vest that shows between the edges of the surplice waist is plain, soft, dull green as, also, is the sash which ties French fashion, directly at the side.

The tunic is in two straight sections, finished separately and mounted to the brassiere top so that the sides fall in graceful jobs.

Before the war only 345,000 persons held British government securities; the number now is 18,000,000.

CONFESSIONS
OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, N. E. A.)

My pet horse, Baintree, was at the door, with Brooks in cheerful attendance.

"Lead the way!" I ordered. "Find Mrs. Jim Lorimer—and set a fast pace, please."

Brooks likes a fast pace. He knows that I ride well, although it has been his painful duty to revise my western system. I knew that Baintree would follow Brooks' horse without a signal from me, and so I let my mind go and it revolved futilely about the problem of my bothersome little new sister-in-law.

Not for a minute did I suspect that Ann would step beyond the boundary of flirtation, nevertheless, she could stay well inside and still give a watchful gossiping community a grand shock! Unless I interfered.

Brooks interrupted my meditation by wheeling his horse suddenly and riding back to me.

"Mrs. Lorimer, I see our horse," he said. "I think young Mrs. Lorimer has dismounted—and the gentleman, too. They must be just beyond that turn!"

"Thank you, Brooks! Wait here!" I rode forward slowly. I passed the two horses rubbing noses in the thin shade of the spring foliage. I saw Mr. Jacob Smart holding down the branches of a wild crab-apple tree and bending close to Mrs. Jim Lorimer as she pointed out the special cluster of pink buds which she wished him to cut. So absorbed were they that they did not notice me until Baintree's nose almost touched their shoulders.

I greeted them as if I had come on an agreeable errand.

"Ann!" I exclaimed. "The mail from Jim you've been waiting for has come at last. There's a pile of letters for you. Hurry home. Brooks will take you. You can ride fast! I'll ride with—"

With—? For the life of me, I couldn't call the creator of backgrounds for beauty by either of his names.

Ann was too astonished to object. Off she rode with Brooks and I chattered as cheerfully as an idiot to Mr. Jacob Smart.

That gentleman was no longer flustered. He rose to the occasion and adapted himself to a difficult situation as if he had practiced the part. In five minutes he was as ready to flatter me as he had been to flatter Ann.

I reined Baintree to his slowest step. I proposed to have just one good talk with Mr. Jacob Smart, son of an Arkansas sausage-maker, and to hand him a few truths, even if I couldn't have the satisfaction of addressing him by his own name.

I must take care not to frighten him

daddy had requested that. So I smiled a silly, despicable, actress-kind of grimace. It pleased the man, nevertheless. It pleased him also to ignore the late unpleasantness in Ann's house.

Mr. Jacob Smart plunged at once into his theory of "character and color." He knew exactly what shades would harmonize with my "aura," what colors would lead me along paths of perpetual happiness and peace.

Did I guess, he asked, of what spiritual delicacy were the tints required to make the correct background for my soul?

For some time the bride-path had run parallel with the boulevard, a lovely secluded road, but hilly and not much used by autoists.

At one of the most secluded spots, Jakob Smart asked:

"What is the color of your eyes, Mrs. Lorimer?"

Seeking the reply to his question, he leaned toward me.

Involuntarily, without thought, being rather startled at the man's rudeness, but with my accustomed fearlessness and frankness, I looked squarely, defiantly straight into his face.

Then the abrupt snort of an auto horn startled us. Our horses shied apart. Baintree wheeled and reared, but even as I brought him down, I caught a glimpse of my husband in his new car, so close that I could have touched him with my crop.

Apparently he had been testing the car on the hills, and seeing me, he had come to a stop.

I don't know which of us was the paler. Neither of us could speak. Finally Bob raised his hat gravely, and then sent his car forward in a sudden reckless leap.

(To Be Continued)

SISTER MARY'S
KITCHEN

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

If one is not the proud possessor of a cedar chest wherein to store woollens, a bit of ingenuity will make an ordinary shirt-waist box answer the purpose.

Use oil of cedar in a hand spray pump and spray the interior of the box thoroughly. Let the oil dry in and spray again. The wood will absorb quite a lot of oil.

For the sake of being on the safe side wipe the sides and bottom of the box with a soft cloth before putting any clothing away in the box.

After cleaning a clothes press, a spraying of the walls and floor will fill the closet with the aroma of cedar

and discourage moths from attacking the contents.

Menu for Tomorrow.

Breakfast—Orange juice, scrambled eggs, corn-meal muffins, coffee.

Luncheon—Cold meat with vegetable salad, baking powder biscuits, honey, tea.

Dinner—Lamb chops, scalloped potatoes, asparagus with Hollandaise sauce, rhubarb tapioca, drop nut cookies, coffee.

My Own Recipes.

While fresh asparagus is in the market use it plentifully. It can be served for breakfast with poached eggs, or put into scrambled eggs, or added to milk toast. The idea of using a vegetable for breakfast once in a while is a very good one. Asparagus is especially usable as it has not a strong flavor.

COLD MEAT WITH VEGETABLE SALAD.

Cold sliced meat.
Hearts of lettuce.
Mayonnaise or vinaigrette sauce.
String beans (left over).
Radishes.

Cooked beets.
Put slices of cold meat in the center of a large plate. Arrange hearts of lettuce around meat and in each heart put 6 or 8 string beans, 3 or 4 slices of radish and 1 tablespoonful of cooked beet chopped quite fine. Put a tablespoonful of mayonnaise on each salad or pour over the following sauce.

VINAIGRETTE SAUCE.
4 tablespoons oil.
2 tablespoons vinegar.
1-2 teaspoon salt.
1-8 teaspoon paprika.
1 tablespoon capers finely chopped.
1 teaspoon onion juice.

1 tablespoon parsley chopped very fine.

Mix in the order given, making an emulsion of the oil and vinegar.

RHUBARB TAPIOCA.

1 cup tapioca.

2 cups water.

3 cups rhubarb cut in inch pieces.

1-4 teaspoon salt.

1-4 cups sugar.

1-2 teaspoon soda.

Cook tapioca in water with salt till clear. Pour boiling water over the

barb to more than cover and add the soda. Let boil up once and drain. Add to boiling tapioca with sugar. Turn into a mold to become solid. Chill thoroughly. Serve with sweetened cream.

The family dinner table should be tarts in its salad rather than in conversation.



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